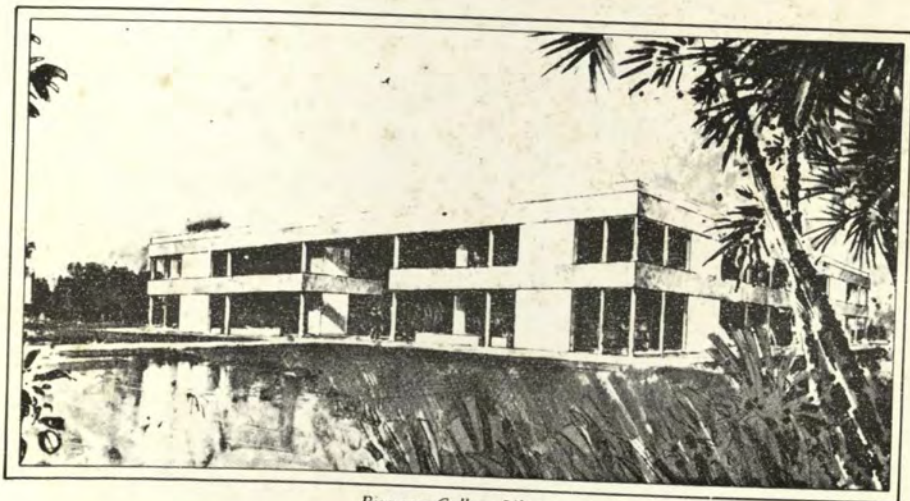


# BISCAYNE COLLEGE

目錄  
, 83



*Biscayne College Library*



## *Editor's Note*

We, the editors of *Driftwood '88*, would like to dedicate this year's literary magazine to the "new" Biscayne College. "Dedicate" is the operative word here. This year we have broadened our commitment to quality education with the addition of our new library and dedicated ourselves to a new beginning in the form of "Godspell," the first musical production staged at Biscayne College. Dedication was also the legacy left by our dear friend Father Christian Retera, whose love and loyalty to our Biscayne community will be cherished forever.

We too have dedicated ourselves to compiling a book which reflects the talent and conscientious nature of the students and faculty of Biscayne College. Our special thanks to Dr. Philip Reckford, *The Biscayne Gazette* and Student Activities for their help in this endeavor.

*Robert Fiore  
Laura Dooling*

## A Message To Our Brother

In loving memory of Christian A. Retera, O.S.A.

We have been told you are resting with the Lord  
We know this to be true  
We know you have been welcomed into God's love

Yet the faces in the hall are expressionless  
Teachers and students reveal a touch of melancholy that is sadly beautiful

Sad, for we have lost you;  
Though beautiful,  
For our community has meshed together for strength  
In life, as in death,  
We gather love from you

Brother,  
If these lines are an attempt  
To rationalize our loss  
We have failed

But if only you could read them,  
The sincerity of our message  
Might touch you with a tear and  
Happiness would be ours once again

Robert Fiore



## Love

To M. M.

Love  
Is everywhere existing Always  
The reason behind all, why we are here  
When we leave our love remains  
If we haven't love we haven't anything  
Like a stream without water.

Love  
Is a stream forever flowing  
Endless and universal in All ways  
It goes with the flow, accommodates all obstructions  
To be in love is life!  
Endless love  
What I have for you.

Love,  
Something that is everywhere  
Exists in All things beautiful and ugly  
We all have love, we continuously seek it  
One doesn't find love,  
One comes to the realization that  
Love isn't material, physical,  
An act or feeling.

Love  
Is giving part of yourself to someone or something  
In a way that a sacrifice is a blessing, because giving love  
Is never giving something away  
But it's receiving a part of Life  
Love is the reason we are All here . . .  
To coexist in love.

B.B.

## A Thought For All Times

Read this when I've hurt  
You most,  
Or made you angry,  
Or made you mad.

Read this when I've caused  
You grief,  
Which brought a tear,  
And made you sad.

Read this when I've made  
You blush,  
Or made you laugh,  
Or made you smile.

Read this when I've made  
You wonder,  
Or reminisce  
And think back awhile.

But think of this every time  
You're in my arms,  
Or next to me,  
Or staring into my eyes of blue.

The only person I strive for,  
Or really care about,  
Or love,  
Is you.

R. K. K.

## Ecstasy

Rainy Days, weather made for lovers,  
White satin sheets of the Sky's tears  
Enveloping us, caressing us, as we love.  
Moans of thunder pleasing our ears and  
The perfume of wetness on the grass.  
Rainy Days, days I live for.  
Hating tomorrow's sun that will dry  
And burn today's love.

M. H. S.

## I Wonder

Sometimes I will seek you in substitute arms, using love to please a habit  
And sometimes, I know you will awake in the night,  
Your eyes still heavy with the dreams of us,  
You reach out to find not me, but someone, call her by my name, I wonder.  
I wonder if in some too late date, when all our worlds are gone  
And we are just a pinch of dust, between some child's palm  
Will having been in love, be enough for us  
And will remembering comfort us  
"I wonder"

Sharon Brenner

## A Woman . . . A Toast

I see your body's soft, supple smoothness  
As part of a sensuous, primal delicacy,  
Quickening only when your pure crystal eyes  
Flash, brightening up the circuits of your movement.

Sensing power, grace and healing warmth,  
You glow softly with shaded emotions.  
Further away you are innocence and living prayer,  
Deserving both him, and yet more than him.

Intuiting your primed, subdued passion,  
You carry it now in pedagogical politeness,  
And clothed often in swish-soft clinging,  
You stir even the silent, swaying pines.

As a feast of nourishing nakedness  
Inviting us to stop our empty noise,  
I also hunger for such closeness.  
You are my argument for eternity.

Frank McGarry

## Jockey

He is a 100 pound man on a 1000 pound horse, a tiny silhouette pinned to the back of a giant powerhouse, locked in a chronic duet at 40 mph. A team of physicians and physiologists in Los Angeles recently concluded that the jockey may well be best of all athletes.

They possess greater stamina, strength and coordination than any athlete in the world. But the jockey's position in life is not nearly so well defined. The smallest of athletes indeed, among all working men, are the least appreciated and probably the least understood.

It is true that in this affluence around them, they live in a world apart. In this separate world there is little glamour. There isn't even a lot of money for most. With the articulate few like Arcaro, Shoemaker, Cauthen and Asmussen there is fortune to be made. But for the vast majority, it is a struggle to pay the bills. The average jockey usually makes less than \$25,000 a year and his education is limited, his interest and horizons are narrowed. For many, life in the fast lane is a bad trip. More than a few who made it big lived big, lived high and died broke.

His size alone makes the jockey an incongruous figure. Everything he does is qualified by his smallness. In a society that glorifies muscle and girth, he is almost impossible to identify. Football players make movies and commercials, while jockeys chew diet bubble gum.

Probably the thing that separates his work from all other professional sports is the element of danger. The potential for injury is the greatest in sports. Every jockey who rides shares the knowledge that sooner or later he will be part of a terrible avalanche of flesh, literally tons of flesh. When jockeys and horses fall, whistles do not blow, time is not called, the race is not stopped — the jockeys go down and the race goes on.

Since 1940, 105 jockeys have been killed in racing accidents. There were more than 2,000 accidents in American horse-racing in 1980. The result was that 1,500 jockeys were hospitalized for more than two weeks. Four survived as paraplegics, four did not survive at all.

Jockeys have one common denominator, they're little guys. Their size is their ticket to affluence. The trick is not to be small, the trick is to stay small. The scale, an unsympathetic monster which some jockeys call the "oracle," is the most important and permanent factor in their lives. For most racing, the jockey cannot weigh more than 118 pounds, and that includes the four pounds of clothing and equipment. The pressure of having to "make the weight" is rough. If the jockey weighs too much he may resort to throwing up his meals, called "flipping it." Some of the other methods are the steamroom, sweatbox and rubberized blankets.

The world of a jockey is more dangerous and the least understood. A jockey once said that you have to be crazy to be in this business! Well maybe, but you have to be a lot more and a lot less than that.

Suzanne Bardakjy

## It Takes Time

I really don't want your fear,  
Having more than my own too long.  
Your dancing, moving and singing  
Are studied melodies of caged feeling.

You're not really alive,  
But wired finely for controlled patterns.  
Pause, slow long enough, reverse finally,  
And allow emerging notes to flow-out.

Your dance was tinny distraction,  
Shouting down genuine movement.  
Go find the mirror, look and cry,  
Birthing finally true breathing and honest resonance.

My dancing music is vibrant, dreamy and full.  
My pain was personal and frightening at times.  
Come to me when your body senses  
Our songs together can spring and move free.

Frank McGarry

## Society's Monster

Newborn male, brought into the world to live.  
At first of pure innocence, we are unable to see the subtle, gradual change  
In this potential monster.  
Although difficult to accept, we must acknowledge this,  
But realize it is not his fault.

You see, society gives life to the monster in a male.  
A mechanized male, infatuated with the dominance he measures in his hand,  
Is encouraged to manipulate virgin youth.  
The other monsters are proud of their comrade, firing his passion  
To even greater heights through the exchange of scary stories.

As the foray continues, his insatiable appetite permits him to ravage  
all in sight.  
In fact, while in full motion, he is euphoric over the system he has mastered.  
However, there is an unforeseen catch.  
The system has mastered him.  
His conquests no longer stem from curiosity, excitement, or need,  
But rather stem from nothing.  
This monster is worst of all for conscience is non-existent.

If the monster persists the male has lost, for he will never love.  
Fortunately, some will rebel, for they no longer wish  
To be controlled by false values.  
The main factor though, the male must learn that  
Sensitivity and warmth ARE manly, if he is ever to return to decency.

Robert Fiore



Melissa Barnard

## Reflections At Twenty

It is the day of my nativity.  
A kaleidoscopic spectrum of memories rushes through my mind.  
Emotions, happenings, joy and sadness share my life.  
Two decades have passed, yet the stairway to Utopia is hazy.  
Until now time hid in somber caverns of Hades.  
At twenty, time runs the rapids of Styx,  
The next docking is but a mirage  
At this milestone I will refuel.

Jacques Escargot

## The Life and Death of Superman

My parents were divorced when I was six months old. For the usual reasons I moved across the United States and lived with my mother. My father stayed in New York, so I didn't remember too much of him until I was about four or five. Then he would come to visit and bring all kinds of goodies. He would devote all of his attention to me and spoil me rotten. I remember him being tall and handsome, and he would constantly pick me up and play with me.

I remember sitting at the dinner table once when my mother told me that someone was there to visit me. As I was wondering who it could be, I walked my father. Because I hadn't seen him in months, I totally forgot dinner and focused all my attention on him. What a complete joy it was to see him. I was in ecstasy. Later that evening when he was tucking me into bed, I realized that I didn't know how he had got there. Usually Mom and I picked him up at the airport, but we hadn't that day. It was then that he told me he flew. That he flew straight to the house! He told me he was Superman! Then he explained that was the reason he couldn't see me all of the time, because he was so busy all over the world helping people. I was in total amazement. That explained it all! That was why he couldn't live with us like other fathers. He was Superman! I felt so much better now that I really understood everything. After that, he would show me some things he could do, like taking knives and bending them in half. He told me it was a secret between him and me because nobody else could know his real identity.

Now that I knew father's real identity, it was easier to handle his long absences. He continued his visits and sometimes he would drive up in a car and sometimes he would appear mysteriously — he flew. By this time I couldn't keep our secret to myself. I had to tell my best friend. For some reason she had trouble believing me, but when I explained in depth to her, she soon understood also. Why else couldn't my father live in the same house? So I went on believing with all my heart for the next ten years that my father was Superman.

Then reality hit. I moved to New York to live with Superman. I had wised up a bit during the last few years and my instincts told me that this Superman deal was a bit far-fetched. Learning who and what my father really was kind of let me down. After all, he had led me to believe he was Superman for all those years. But living with him did the trick. Day after day I would watch him and wonder how I had ever believed he was Superman. One day I asked him why he told me he was Superman. He replied by telling me that he really was Superman, but that when I moved in with him he had to retire because he couldn't be a full-time father to me and also be Superman. He told me he would rather be my father because I was the most important person in his life.

But I still had ideas that this story he told me about Superman was really only a story. As I got older my feeling about thinking he was the greatest thing in the world and my thoughts about wanting to marry him because he was so handsome changed a bit. I still thought he was fantastic, as I do now. He is my father and the most special person in my life. I realize that he told me the Superman story to try to make our separation easier and it did the trick. It was a pretty clever idea, and I can't get angry at my father for telling me a fib because it was meant in a good way. The story of my father being Superman died, but I guess like all girls, I'll feel that my father will always be a kind of Superman to me.



## Ode to Kurt

Hi Ho  
Hi Ho  
Kurt Vonnegut  
Not many novelists  
Got what you got.  
In literature you  
Are one of the fixtures,  
Imagine a college text with pictures.  
The Moral Majority  
Your books would ban  
Of sex and four letter words  
They are no fan.  
They missed all your points  
Of this I'm sure  
Or maybe they came  
From Trafalmadore!  
Let's face it, not everyone  
Enjoys your prose  
But it's too bad if they don't  
Cause they're minds are closed.  
What to say to these people  
One never knows,  
How about  
Hi Ho  
Hi Ho

Laura Dooling



## Brooke

Strainfully kneeling  
by a sweet child of months,  
watching her balance her small self  
while trying to capture  
the immensity of me.

Cooing in her face,  
she responds with a movement,  
a whisper of soft baby flesh  
creeps closer towards me.

'Tis such a warm feeling  
to be so received by an innocent,  
she gazes with wonder  
at the person I am.

I am filled with God's gentler love  
as I speak softly her name.  
She sees His sweet love,  
then gravitates closer to me  
with each tiny step.

Quickly she totters,  
on a tight rope she walks,  
until she billows  
gracefully into my arms  
to embrace the Lord in me.

Lynn Berry

## Jennifer

Join hands in physical touch  
Enjoy each feeling very much  
Never think that the feeling will wilt  
Never feel pity, insecurity or guilt  
If we would stop to look and assess  
For what most people wish, we possess  
Expect the same for what you give  
Remember the virtue to forgive

I miss you when you're not here  
Love you when you are near  
Owe to you my eternal bondage  
Vow to you my willing homage  
Enjoy each other as we will  
You and I nothing can kill  
Only then can we endure  
United in life with nothing for fear.

Randall R. Kugler

## Laughter Or Love

You gave me laughter,  
Which I mistook for love,  
It's an easy mistake,  
Both feelings after bring tears.

We couldn't talk without laughing —  
You were funny and I was gullible,  
And as our friendship grew my life  
Was full of laughter.

Then it came time for you to work on the future,  
And time for me to figure out the past.  
Your letters were like comic strips;  
Our phone calls much too short.

But time and distance quieted the laughter.  
My dreams and hopes were washed away  
By my tears.  
You found a new life  
Where there is no room for my love —  
Or my friendship.

Now that all the laughter is gone  
I sit alone on the shore,  
Watching the sun rise through eyes  
Full of tears,  
Wishing the waves could wash away all  
Memories of you.

S.A.

## To You Robert

Sails took wind yesterday  
And you left.  
I didn't call after you,  
Yet salty eyes followed your wake.

Today you return,  
And I welcome you.  
No anchor shall you find in me, for  
Freedom is yours as the sea's calling  
That beckons another departure.

If you must leave tomorrow, go,  
Follow your dream and be happy.  
If you should return,  
Come once again to me and  
Prepare a voyage for two.

Monique H. Smith

## Dreaming Tenderness: To Sue

The whispering wind enhances the beat,  
With darkness befalls the moon.  
The origin of the wind reclines, she  
At the earth's feet.

When the moon appears imagined shows  
Inside the head begin.  
Turbulent waters accommodate love . . .  
Will the dream continue,  
Can our hearts swim?

Only dreams cure heart sores.

While the ocean does flow,  
Casting waves ashore,  
Pulling them back, then  
Sending in more,  
Never did I touch the  
Sun's reddish rays,  
Wild is my wind with a  
Direction every day.

Then all does cease, become  
One in the same.

But when the sun arrives  
The beat remains,  
The moon is gone as if  
It never came,  
Unknown is the ocean inside  
That continues an endless flow,  
Whispering wind around,  
Still forever murmurs its blows.

The body is together myself,  
I will try to know.

So when the cloudy mornings  
Come to woe  
Let us wait for the moon  
When the paid does go.

M.G

## Reflections

What kind of girl do I really want?  
A nice girl  
Gentle and very affectionate  
Spontaneous and colorful.

A lover of moonlight and snow  
As well as sun and surf  
Comfortable in faded jeans  
Or an elegant evening gown.

A girl strong enough to say "no"  
But who prefers to say "yes"  
To whatever adventures I might suggest  
Who even dreams up a few herself.

A girl who is at the same time sensible  
Open, capable of serious discussion  
One who knows what is good, right, important  
She's sensitive and beautiful.

Is there such a girl?  
Will I ever find her?  
Or will she always be  
Just a dream?

B.B.B.

## A Charismatic Encounter

It was my freshman year in high school, 1976, when I encountered God while attending my first religious retreat. I felt His presence through plenty of love and a beautifully unique gift.

To tell you I chose to attend this retreat for all the right reasons would be a lie. My friends were going, and it seemed like the best way to gain a bargaining foothold on my parent's car. Regardless, my attitude quickly changed, starting from the first night.

On that evening, our group had gathered in a large circle in the living room of the retreat house. We were singing and praying for about twenty minutes when one of the priests had begun an impetuous dialogue in TONGUES. Because tongues is a unique voice of God, it cannot be understood literally. However, the message is sometimes accompanied by an interpretation from God through the voice of someone present. Just a few minutes later, God revealed his message of love to us by speaking through a person sitting very close to me. Being the impressionable young guy that I was, my heart nearly stopped. At that point, I refused to believe there were two nights left.

Following a long sleep to calm my nerves, I was gradually able to enjoy the second day and night. Although people were still speaking and singing in tongues, the fear subsided as the power of love increased. This day created a smooth transition to the third and final day.

The last day of this retreat was very special to me. Following prayer groups and plenty of sun, I found myself sitting in the same circle as the first night. We were asked if anyone wanted to be blessed in the Holy Spirit, being told that a special gift from God would touch us in this act. I was the first to reply yes. I sat down in a chair while three or four priests prayed intensely over me. After a while I had begun to feel my chair lean back and tumble to the floor. From there on, the priests continued to pray, asking the spirit to enter me. My lips had begun to vibrate. I did not know it at the time but I had spoken in Tongues.

For the rest of that night and about four months afterwards I continued to pray in tongues. Although I have not celebrated my gift for some time now, I will always possess it for God has given it to me for life.

Robert Fiore



## Spirit of Life

1.

At the thought of God's Indwelling Spirit,  
My soul with gladness and rejoicing is lit.  
It kindles in me the fires of Faith,  
Which whispers to me: "I am your Mate."

2.

It teaches me the glorious secret of life.  
Into a perfect way, without confusion or strife.  
My mind is filled with eternal peace and calm,  
It is the power that protects me from all harm.

3.

How dear to me is this presence,  
It caresses me and gives me confidence.  
I am never alone, Divine Spirit is always there,  
I will not wonder nor depart from It's care.

4.

Deep within me, is a resting place,  
Free from burden, shame and disgrace.  
I can never ever be poor or weak,  
Since Truth, Beauty and Wisdom I seek.

5.

I cannot be afraid neither day or night,  
With the newly found knowledge of my Inner Light.  
I sit in the silence, I listen and behold,  
As visions of truth to me is unfold.

6.

My constant companion directs my path,  
Controls every action and every thought.  
Oh, Inner Spirit who comforts and stays with me.  
Compel me to embrace you through life's tempestuous sea.

Rosey Thomas

## My Hope

Loneliness is closing in on me —  
I can't hold on for very long.  
The tears blind me, I cannot see,  
Or even hear the new day's song.

It's raining all over my life —  
The clouds are always in my way  
My life's a mess, filled with strife  
Can I make it through another day?

Now I remember, how could I not know —  
I'm really not lonely, there's such hope.  
When I feel sadness, when I am low  
A light shines forth, I know I can cope.

His life was given for me in love.  
Although my outlook is something dim,  
I must only look up above  
To see his face, to know Him.

Loneliness is mine no more.  
He has opened every door  
Of my life to keep my forever  
In His Amazing Grace and Love.

He is Lord of All

Cindy Smith

## September Soliloquy

I took a ride upon my steel-blue bike today.  
The coolness of the north wind blowing in my face and hair  
Reminded me of sad September's waning days and chilly nights.

I rode through elfin forest now enmeshed with fern and  
full-grown leaf  
While arching trees formed nature's canopy of sun-pied green.  
I thought of light and shade in nature and in fickle life.

I noticed hints of color at the edges of a branch,  
First signs of nature's losing struggle to retain her youth —  
A symbol of the ancient paradox of man.

I pondered my own passing days and felt much like that tree  
As now my time of youth moves quickly into middle age  
And prayed that new and varied hues would touch the fabric  
of my life.

O Ground of Being, the Source of all that lives or dies and in-between,  
Raise up my falt'ring heart now growing old before its time  
And trace the edges of my soul with crimson red and blazing gold!

Fr. James McCartney, O.S.A.



## I Biondi

Different worlds, or so it seemed,  
Ne'er to meet, just pass away;  
Age and place and culture too  
Kept these stranger souls apart.

Common color of their hair,  
Way of life that they now seek,  
All that join two foreign men,  
Pilgrim paths alone are trod.

Behold the voice of love now speaks —  
Language of the Heart not Head —  
Two become as one in friends  
Signs unuttered, silent, deep.

Fate wrenches us fore'er apart,  
Single lives in witness lived  
To greater Love than that we share —  
Faith's price the heavy human heart.

Mystery of Life and Love!  
Gift of Grace forever new!  
May friendship forged despite the odds  
Remind us of our way to You!

Fr. James McCartney, O.S.A.

## A Prayer For All

What right have you  
inconsiderate death, infamous death, indifferent death,  
to trouble me so to write these lines?  
Must you keep pressing your presence?  
At first you caused me limited pain,  
for few loved ones have been  
tricked by your beauty or coerced by your beast.  
But lately,  
my heart slowly disperses for the no-names in my life  
(fellow men sepulcher bound),  
for reasons of  
pity, or fear, or both.

How many have been snatched, unfinished?  
They must feel vindictive  
struggling to find freedom in  
dreary death's dungeon.  
All knowing now of what life was to be for them,  
they sit and wait for their freedom,  
their means to rationalization.

For some,  
she is merely a hopeless dream,  
but for others,  
she is their eternity.  
She comes, chooses, and then she is gone.

Freedom,  
if it be in your power,  
bring us peaceful change  
so that all may see eternity with you.  
Of imminent concern though,  
allow us to witness this change by  
granting us the privilege of  
a more complete life.

Thank you inconsiderate death, infamous death, indifferent death,  
for troubling me so to write these lines.  
For through them,  
I have realized that an incorrigible appreciation  
of life and freedom must be established,  
while it is within the realm of possibility.

Robert Fiore



## No Doubt Or Fear

1.

I will not doubt 'though all the good I've done,  
Is repaid with the worst things under the sun,  
I will not be discouraged or dismayed;  
For I know that God is ever near,  
And some day all things will be fair.

2.

I will not doubt 'though all the services I rendered,  
I'm continually being pushed aside and hindered,  
'though they stab me in my back;  
I still believe the one who never fails,  
For the ways of justice must prevail.

3.

I will not doubt 'though, they who professed true love,  
Fly away with bitterness and grudge, as fast as a dove.  
It is not my duty to hate or revenge.  
For my Master watches all the time.  
And in a little while everything will be fine.

4.

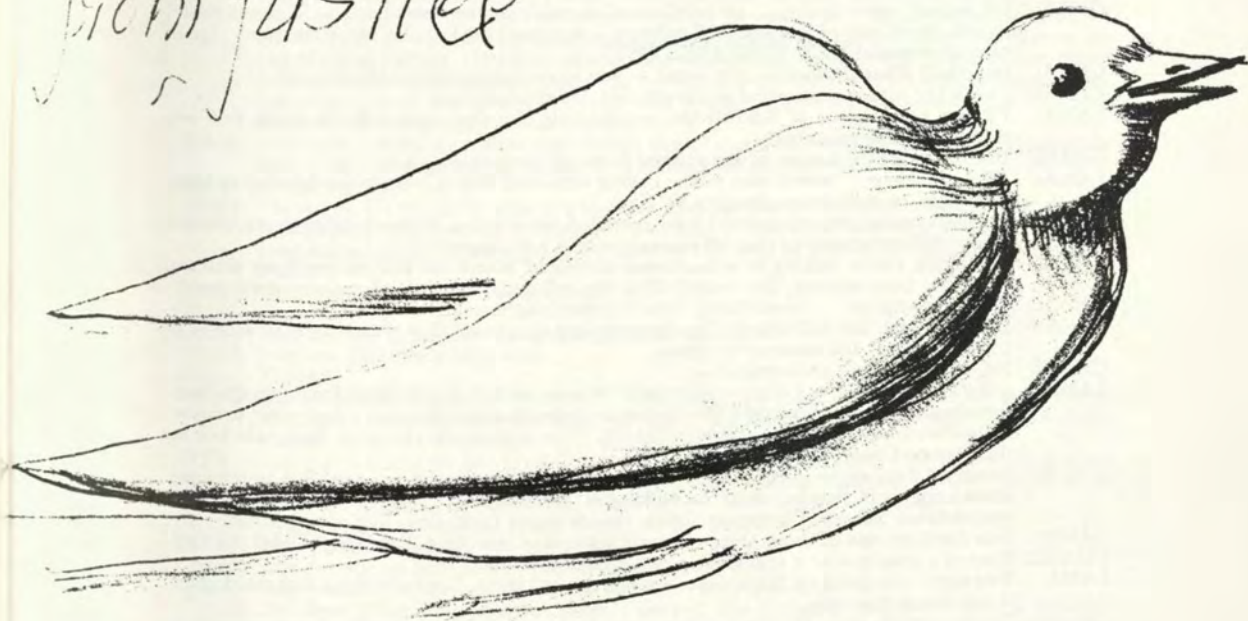
I will not doubt 'though all the joy I've given,  
Will be rewarded only when I get to heaven.  
I am convinced that these are terrible acts.  
But there is only One, that we never serve in vain.  
Who never repays us with agony or pain.

5.

I will never fear, my good will come to me,  
Love dissolves all doubt and set the captive free.  
I will not let failure and disappointment cancel my plan,  
I am at peace; for this is a part of the Master's plan.

Rosey Thomas

Peace comes  
from justice



# The Meaning Of Life

## THE CHARACTERS:

1. THE HIGH DALI LAMA: the guru type (no relation to Salvadore).
2. GILMORE CHASE: a seeker of truth (in safari outfit and backpack).

## THE SCENE:

The scene opens on a mountain, specifically at the mouth of a cave on the mountain. Here we find the home of the High Dali Lama, a graduate of the Triple A Correspondence School of Davenport, Iowa.

(The scene opens with the Lama perched on a rock in front of the cave watching a football game on a small portable TV. He reaches over, adjusts the aerials, reacts to the screen, and perhaps takes a sip of goat's milk. A noise is heard from the front of the stage — from the pit; he stashes the TV, and assumes a position of meditation. In a few seconds, a man, Gilmore, climbs onto the stage and makes his way over to the area just below the Lama's feet.)

CHASE: Oh, age-ed, age-ed sage . . . oh intellectual one (no response from Lama — he moves closer) . . . oh, most holy personage (still nothing — moves closer) . . . Ah, Mr. Wise man . . . (gives taxicab whistle) HEY, UNSHAVEN ONE!

LAMA: (startled) What the hell do you want — you almost gave me a cardiac!

CHASE: I seek the ultimate knowledge, oh grizzled, enlightened type.

LAMA: I'll give you a piece of Knowledge, you whistle like that again and I'm gonna have you thrown off this mountain.

CHASE: But, oh wrinkled keeper of the eternal flame of learning —

LAMA: Flame, shlame — watch who you're calling wrinkled, Mac (Chase looks dejected as Lama goes back to meditation; he gets an idea).

CHASE: (with accompanying gestures) I have travelled many miles, crossed raging rivers, climbed steep cliffs in search of you, oh master; weeks I did quest —

LAMA: You think you're talking to a functional illiterate? Where the hell did you learn sentence structure from anyway, Dr. Seuss? Why the hell don't you just tell me why you're here?

CHASE: I'm searching for . . . something; there's something missing in my life —

LAMA: Did you check the hall closet? I'm always losing things and they always seem to wind up in the hall closet. It's uncanny at times.

CHASE: No, No, you don't understand —

LAMA: I don't understand — I don't understand? Why in the hell do you think I'm up on this God-forsaken mountain, because I like the taste of goat's milk & because I don't want to renew my subscription to POPULAR MECHANICS? (searches robe) here . . . here, take look at this (hands Chase the paper).

CHASE: (reading) This is to certify that H. Dali Lama is competent and qualified to dispense knowledge and ponder deep metaphysical mysteries . . . signed the Triple A Correspondence School, Davenport, Iowa. (hands paper back) Gee, that's impressive.

LAMA: You don't get one of those things just sitting around watching "Donahue." I'll tell you that!

CHASE: Then it's true, you're a real guru, a real enlightened one?

LAMA: You aren't too quick on the uptake, are you Sonny? Jesus, I've know ferns that could figure it out faster than you.

CHASE: That's why I'm here. I'm tired of the pointlessness of my life, tired of finding no meaning in my existence . . .

LAMA: Why bother me? Why didn't you just join the YMCA or something?

CHASE: I thought you could teach me the meaning of life. I want to study at your feet and probe the mysteries of the cosmos.

LAMA: (agast) Listen, Pal. The only thing I want hanging around my feet is a good pair of shoes, and as far as probing the mysteries of the cosmos, well that's right out — I'm not any cosmic proctologist! So hit the bricks, there's enough stuff cluttering up this mountain without having you underfoot too!

(Lama goes back to meditating, hoping Chase will leave; Chase just stands there and looks dejected; Lama glances over once, thinks the better of it and meditates; finally, he glances again and frowns.)

LAMA: Okay, Pal, don't pout about it — I can't stand it when somebody looks like you just kicked their dog. I'll tell you what I'm gonna do; I'll answer just one question and then off you go.

CHASE: Do you really mean it?

LAMA: Could I lie to you? (Chase begins to think) . . . and don't make it too hard, I got to milk the goats in a little while . . . and no trivia questions — God, I hate those things!

CHASE: Okay, I'm ready . . . here it is . . . What, if any, is the meaning of life?

LAMA: WHEW! I tell him not to make it hard and he gives me the \$64,000 Question!

CHASE: You mean you can't answer it?

LAMA: Well, it isn't exactly What's the capital of Paraguay. I mean, it isn't the kind of question you just jump into . . . you sure that's the one you really want to ask?

CHASE: Yes.

LAMA: Positive you wouldn't want me to guess your weight or something like that? Who knows, it could be fun.

CHASE: No, I really want to know what life is all about, and, after all, that paper did say you were qualified in such matters.

LAMA: (getting nervous) You certain, huh? . . . nothing else you would like to know (Chase nods) take your time, think about it; I mean, there are a lot of really deep mysteries in the world these days . . . take the blue-crested mud warbler for example . . . that damed bird is amazing! It can fly at 45 miles per hour and still have enough energy to fertilize 68 eggs at the end of a long journey. (Chase does not seem impressed) . . . you don't want to hear about the blue-crested mud warbler. Okay, I'm flexible. How about the evolution of croquet, huh? Pretty spicy stuff in that story . . . no, huh. (sighs) Okay, Pal, you asked for it. Pull up a rock and sit down, this may take awhile.

CHASE: You know, I really appreciate this. I don't think I could face another minute leading this the kind of life I was leading (gets comfortable on rock opposite the Lama).

LAMA: It was that bad?

CHASE: The worst. Do you know what it's like to spend you life in the wallcoverings department at Montgomery Ward's doing nothing but watching middle-aged women in cheap housecoats compare patterns? There's got to be more to life than SPRING BOUQUET or AMAZON PLAID.

LAMA: Don't you have a wife or something?

CHASE: No.

LAMA: How about a girlfriend? You got a girlfriend anywhere?

CHASE: I did see Elma for a little while.

LAMA: ELMA?

CHASE: She worked at the candy counter . . . she made the most beautiful double fudge ripple delights . . . they were her specialty, you know. Each one was in the shape of a little chimpanzee. Now, she was a true artist (looks wistful).

LAMA: And you're telling me that chocolate covered monkeys didn't fulfill you. Christ, I'd give my right arm for a decent piece of chocolate . . . you wouldn't happen to have one of those chocolate monkeys on you, would you?

CHASE: (Not listening to him) but things were just not meant to be.

LAMA: How about a Snickers, you got a Snickers?

CHASE: One day she up and ran off with Chuck in men's wear.

LAMA: Jelly beans? . . . How about malted balls . . . a stick of gum?

CHASE: So, when I found out she was gone, I packed this backpack and swore that I wouldn't return until I found out about life (finally comes back to the real world) and now I'm here.

LAMA: Teach me oh furry smart one, oh wizened personage, oh —

CHASE: Look, I warned you about that already. One more crack about my age or my hair and you'll be going down that mountain in half the time it took you to get up here!

LAMA: Sorry, I thought that was the way you talked to ancient holy men.

CHASE: Well it isn't!

LAMA: That's the way Kung Fu used to talk to Master Po.

CHASE: You want me to start calling you grasshopper? (Chase nods) . . . no, I didn't think so . . . now, what was your question again — no, don't tell me. I'm supposed to be the smart one here . . . oh yes, you wanted to know the meaning of life. Hmmm.

LAMA: You CAN tell me, can't you?

CHASE: Oh, sure, I can tell you, I just have to figure out the proper "medium of delivery" so to speak.

LAMA: Why don't you just tell me straight out?

CHASE: I'm giving you the meaning of human existence, not a grocery list! I mean I can give it to you in alegory, parable, philosophic dissertation, or fable. I could use charts, graphs, or any number of audio-visual aids. Dispensing the knowledge of the ages isn't as simple as it once

was. Unless you make yourself perfectly clear, someone is going to misquote you and then I'd be in a real mess. The union would probably take my card away.

CHASE: Wise men have unions?

LAMA: Of course, we may be wise, but we aren't stupid. Now quit interrupting or I'll never get that question answered . . . Okay, I got it, you ready — you can take notes if you want . . . Ahem, the meaning of life by the High Dalai Lama.

CHASE: (Who has been searching his backpack for something to write on) You got a pencil, I can't seem to find one?

LAMA: You go searching for the wisdom of the ages and you don't even bring a pencil? Jeez, weren't you ever a boy scout?

CHASE: No, actually I was a member of the 4H Club, and then there was the piano lessons; Mommy always said that all cultured people should play a musical instrument —

LAMA: Did Mommy ever tell you not to run off at the mouth?

CHASE: Why, no. I don't recall her ever mentioning that.

LAMA: Boy, your bread ain't exactly toasted on both sides, is it?

CHASE: Huh?

LAMA: Never mind . . . Now . . . Oh yea, the Meaning of Life by the High Dalai Lama . . . Life, in its most basic state is broken down into three categories, each represented by some perfect physical object: to whit: the corporeal, summed up in the form of a bowl of chicken soup; the spiritual with its accompanying image of the bloated water buffalo, and, most importantly, the intellectual, aptly modeled on Dick Cavet (smiles and sits back).

CHASE: (A little confused) Dick Cavet, water buffaloes and chicken soup are all there is to life?

LAMA: You bet your life, sonny, that's all there is. With it being so simple, it's a wonder that more people haven't figured it out.

CHASE: This is impossible!

LAMA: But then, again, water buffaloes aren't indigenous to most climates.

CHASE: You can't be serious. What about love, humanity, or God for Chrissake?

LAMA: Sorry, I only promised to answer one, I'm afraid you have to go now.

CHASE: But how can you just sit there and tell me that nothing but Cavet, buffaloes, and chicken soup matters?

LAMA: It seems to work for me, and besides, it's not just any buffalo, they're water buffalo.

CHASE: This can't be right.

LAMA: Look, I'm not the one who asked . . . take it metaphorically if that will help.

CHASE: Metaphorically?

LAMA: Sure, everything stands for something else — it's a great way of soothing out those small errors in the logic.

CHASE: Yea, that could work (starts to smile) you may just have something there.

LAMA: That's why I'm the Lama and you're the one that has to climb the mountains.

CHASE: This could be the key . . .

LAMA: I always like a satisfied customer . . . By the way, it is customary to leave a little something in gratitude for setting you on the path to happiness or whatever . . .

CHASE: (Sort of pondering it all over in his mind and not paying attention to the Lama) Huh?

LAMA: I said I accept gratitude in cash, check, or major credit card.

CHASE: I'm afraid I didn't bring any money with me.

LAMA: No money, no pencil, you really like to travel light, don't you? I'll tell you what, I'll take something in trade, I don't do this often, but if I don't milk my goats soon, they're going to get quite cross if you get my drift.

CHASE: (Checking his backpack) Gee, two shirts (Lama nods) . . . a pair of socks (again) a penknife (thinks about it a second then nods) . . . let's see, not much left here, a spoon, a change of underwear, a can of Spam, three old toenail clippers, a —

LAMA: You got Spam?

CHASE: Why, yes.

LAMA: Let's see it . . . God, I'd kill for a decent can of Spam.

CHASE: (Tosses can over) here you go.

LAMA: (Hugs can) Ah, heaven. I've been living off goats mild for seven years now. You ever taste goats milk before? It's like sucking on an old sweat sock . . . (looks over to see Chase still standing there) well, hit the bricks, we're even! Go find your own mountain to ponder on.

CHASE: Thanks, thanks a lot. I think I've got a handle on things now (starts to leave).

LAMA: That's peachy . . . that's right, run along now (he waits and watches Chase exit over front of stage; then he reaches behind the rock and pulls up a tablecloth, place setting, and a napkin that he fixes under his chin; he starts to whistle as he examines the can, but whistling soon stops) . . . where's the key . . . don't tell me I don't have the key . . . (gets frustrated, tries to bite can) I've got to find the key; I'm a wise man, this shouldn't happen to a guy like me . . . (starts to bang it on a rock as curtain comes down . . . I want my key . . . !)

THE END

John Dooling

## It Is . . .

It was at the creation of the universe, and will be at it's end.  
 It is our life, and makes up our existence.  
 It is death and all that was ever lived.  
 It is both imaginary and real.  
 It is who we are and who everyone else has ever been.  
 It is the only thing which we cannot control. It will not control us.  
 It's beauty is in it's past.  
 It's mystery in the journey.  
 It's existence forever now.  
 It knows no-one, yet has a relationship with us all.  
 It is acknowledged by us all, young and old, yet seen in different light.  
 It's boundries go beyond any universe we now know  
 and may never return again. It knows no home.  
 It knows not of PROCRASTINATION.  
 It is humankind's most known, yet unsure of factor.  
 It is one thing within our existence, that cannot — will not  
 and does not lie . . . it is truth.  
 It is time! Isn't it?

M. G. Gerson

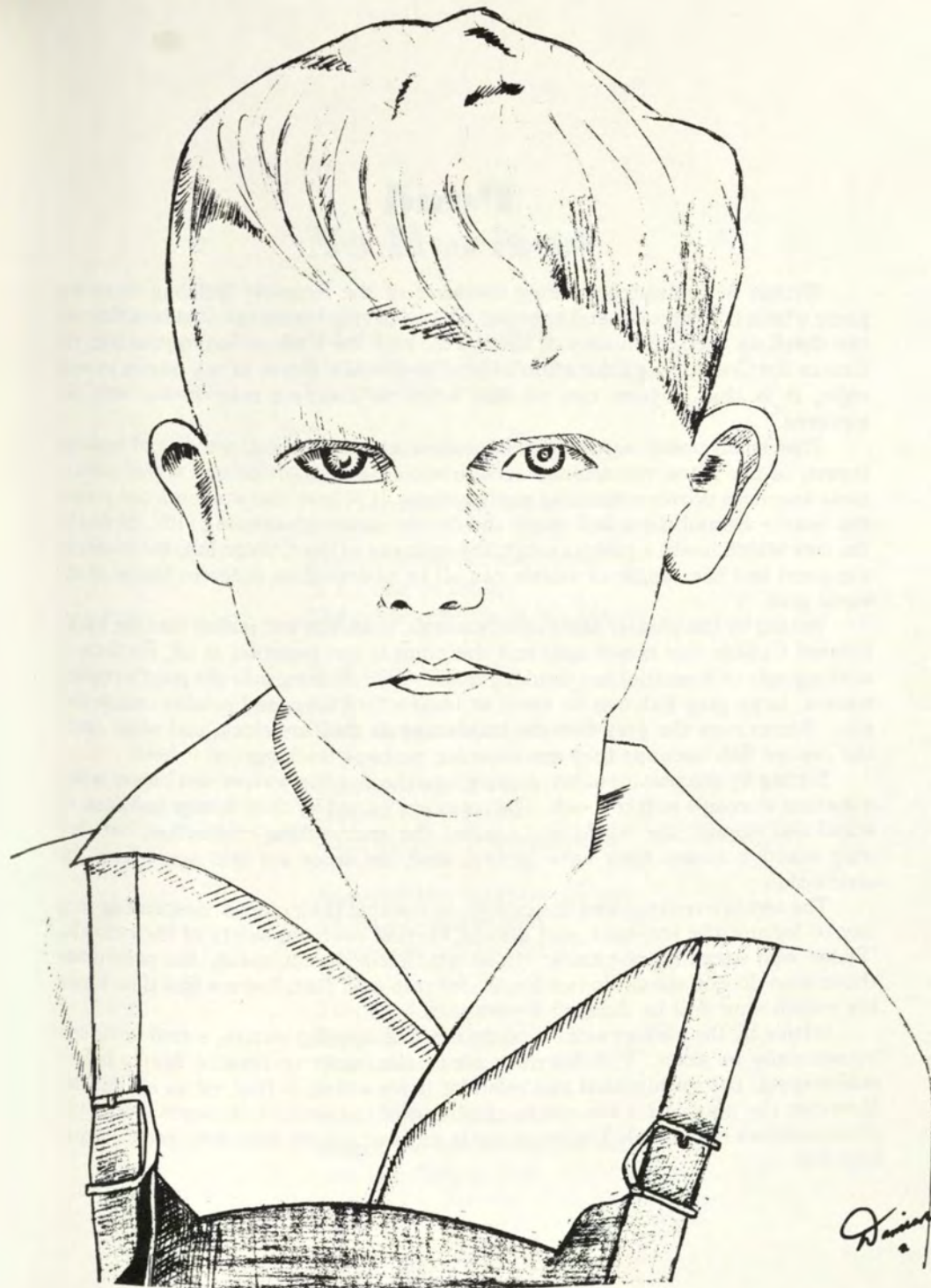
## Loneliness

The feeling comes  
every now and then  
of being left alone  
like a tree  
a feeling  
without its leaves  
of dying  
with an openness  
to the return  
of life.

The new life  
can come  
an encouraging word  
in a hug  
a smile  
a presence  
and sometimes  
it doesn't come  
like now.

And so  
I wear out the cards  
playing solitaire.

PGS



## Pond

Within five minutes walking distance of the Kennedy Building there is a place which is a physical and spiritual source of enlightenment. It is here that one can dwell on the non-duality of life. Here, with the College Inn to your left, the Center for Continuing Education behind you, and a forest of tall weeds to your right; it is that anyone can sit and enjoy an intimate relationship with the universe.

This small pond, surrounded by a concrete civilization, weeds and baseball teams, is the place where scholastic troubles are forgotten and where pretentious teachers drown mumbling euphemisms. It is here that students can pursue the beauty around them and study the deeper meaninglessness of life. Sitting by the tree which hosts a plaster saint, the ugliness of the College Inn, the beauty of the pond and the tangle of weeds can all be observed as different facets of the same gem.

Sitting by the plaster saint often enough, students will realize that the loudly painted College Inn is not ugly and the pond is not beautiful at all, for there is nothing ugly or beautiful but thinking makes it so. Staring into the pond's rippling waters, large grey fish can be seen, at least a foot long, and smaller orange fish also. Sometimes the grey fish are handsome as they are sleek, and other times the orange fish because they are colorful; perhaps Suckling put it best.

Sitting by the plaster saint, staring into the rippling waters, the breeze is like a mature woman's softer touch. The trees are united by their foliage and seem to stand out against the world and against the encroaching civilization, but they only stand because they have grown, and the trees are not apart from the civilization.

The sky is overhead and the callous live within their clouds, descending each day to lecture the ignorant, and always staying near the safety of their clouds. 'Those who speak do not know, those who know do not speak,' but sometimes those who do not speak do not know, for it is said that, 'even a fool if he keeps his mouth shut will be deemed a wise man.'

Sitting by the plaster saint, staring into the rippling waters, a mud turtle can occasionally be seen. With its nose above the water to breathe deeply before submerging, the un-initiated can mistake it for a fish, a frog, or an air bubble. However the mud turtle has yet to climb out of the water to prove it is a reptile (*Sternotherus oderatus*). The mud turtle instead simply breathes, eats, sleeps, and dies.

## No Horizon

And there is no horizon  
Where the sea meets the sky  
The two fade to one.

The quiet strength of the sea  
The brilliant color of the sky  
Two separate entities or one?

Though miles between them  
In illusion or reality  
The other reflects each's beauty.

With the sea's goals  
And the sky's purpose  
They share a common dream.

This bonding of souls  
Creates for the allies  
Their deepest responsibility.

And with the darkness of night  
All visual cues vanish  
Nothing is left but faith.

Yet, time has proven  
By each new day  
The sea and the sky remain.

And there is no horizon  
Where the sea meets the sky  
The two fade to one.

## The Student At Test Time

You paid your money  
Now you have chosen to hurt a little.  
I will not let you stare quietly,  
Till you leave here in four years.

Yes, you're right,  
I do feel powerful and strong.  
And I'm not sadistic,  
I will not hurt you at all.

But any real growth smarts.  
You also need to know  
that sitting and staring kills quietly.

(I sound so professional now, feeling  
uncomfortable and coughing.)  
"Look, There are no short cuts,  
There just aren't any short cuts."

"Yes, I know what Jackie did,  
Right, I also know about Marge . . ."  
"No, you are the only one who's important;  
O.K., but be sure to think about it."

What do you mean,  
"There's got to be a better way?"  
You want me to stop talking?  
"O.K. Take care, have a good day!"

Pssst, If you do find a way,  
Let's talk about it over coffee.  
And remember,  
It will be our secret.

Frank McGarry

## People

People always in a rush  
And hustling to and fro  
With a special place in mind;  
A special place to go.  
Most of them don't take the time  
To show they even care.  
They're just wondering how to get  
From here to over there.

People tend to be afraid  
Of things they cannot see  
And think of expectations that  
They know can never be.  
People seem most frightened of  
The quality "that's love."  
They dream of peace throughout the world  
As seen within the dove.

But if people kept some faith  
They'd prepare for what's to come.  
They could help each other out,  
Not all, but maybe some.  
So let us show all people  
That we really care.  
We can give our love to all  
And the veil of peace to wear.

Sean P. Hurley

## To Bernard

What a gift I was given  
From the heavens above  
A man of true living  
A creature of love.

His body a temple  
His heart made of gold  
His hands full of knowledge  
For me to behold.

So suddenly he came  
Like the waters that flow  
To ease the pain  
That I once did know.

The touch of his hands  
And the love deep in his eyes.  
Are that of far lands  
Yet, a warm home with our sighs.

Love,  
Honoral

## Dreams

To: Marq

I see, then imagine  
A feeling,  
A thought  
Wonder if she . . .  
No, never I so lucky.

The dream begins,  
We go to a show  
The boats, are a bore.

An irony  
Ourselves two boats  
Last at sea  
That finally meet  
And pass unknowingly  
To later become one  
Setting a course.

With strength and passion  
A sweet kiss  
We awaken . . .  
The dream is real.

## The Psalm of Discovery

The joy of your affirmation, O Father  
Rattles and shakes my being.  
I do want the star;  
I want the feel of oneness.  
So I chased you thru many lives,  
Stirring up drama, fear and hope.  
Then I stopped, turning my head and listened.  
You invited me to simpler thoughts,  
Turning in to my centered body.  
I am the edifice.  
In the stillness I breathe swelled pride.  
No words — just looking and touching.  
I'm real, chosen, nurtured and safe,  
Having heard carefully with a third ear.  
Out of the depths I cried to you,  
From within these depths you appeared.

Frank McGarry





## To Biscayne

In the year one nine six one  
The quest for knowledge was begun;  
Taught by people who really cared,  
And whose wisdom was freely shared.

But to have a school, they needed land,  
So they discussed and also planned  
To become, at once, the lawful takers  
Of one hundred twenty-six acres.

Then in nineteen hundred and sixty-two  
The starting students, though very few,  
Decided to begin the college call  
And entered the doors of Kennedy Hall.

At first, they had no place to stay;  
(They had to go the tourist way).  
But after deciding upon a form,  
Biscayne built the Cascia Dorm.

Cascia was built in sixty-four,  
But Biscayne knew they needed more.  
So, in nineteen sixty-five,  
Two dorms were built, and that's no jive.

One of those dorms was Sullivan,  
And the other's name was Donnellon.  
The men "rented" first, and that was swell;  
Years later that changed, and it went over well.

They also built our Carroll Hall  
In case our stomachs began to call.  
It is the home of the Biscayne "Rat,"  
Where students drown their sorrows at.

And then in nineteen sixty-seven,  
They built a house with regard to heaven.  
It's name is Casa San Lorenzo,  
And it is where our "Padres" go.

In nineteen seventy, they build Lewis Hall  
(The place where the Dolphins go every fall)  
And it also contains, and not just by chance,  
Our very own department of maintenance.

Two years later, in seventy-two.  
The Biscayne center and motel were through.  
The motel is run at the Continuing Ed.  
With a room containing both a table and bed.

There was nothing built for the next eight years  
But in nineteen eighty, we shouted "CHEERS!"  
Because, not only did we change our face;  
We found we could go to another place.

However, that statement could be taken two ways;  
It depends on whether it's nights or days.  
At night, we can go and continue school,  
While during the day, we stay calm and cool.

You see, that year we obtained some space  
Which helped to increase our learning pace.  
The people there seem to represent  
People of definite Latin descent.

The new learning space is used at night,  
And things there seem to be going right.  
But during the day, the kids use the lounge  
(That is the place where they visit and scrounge.)

The lounge is located in the S.C.B.,  
Which happens to be one part of three.  
The middle part has the campus store.  
The mailroom, the bookstore, and much, much more.

The final part contains our classes  
(Where the tutor teaches, and the pupil "sasses.")  
But all in all, the students are good  
They act just like they know they should.

Our newest addition was completely through  
In nineteen hundred and eighty-two.  
The new library has so many books,  
And it truly is as good as it looks.

The college provides us with a pool,  
But along with that right, there is a rule:  
That only members and friends of our "family"  
Can use the pool. (What must be must be.)

They also provide for team sports here  
(Biscayne's alternative to drinking beer.)  
Basketball and soccer are things to do  
Along with baseball and tennis, too.

It seems to be that through the years  
Biscayne's shared both joys and tears.  
I hope it always continues to grow,  
And I hope its peace will always glow.



